

TERROR TO BAD MEN.

FRONTIER SHERIFF WITH STRONG NERVES.

Small in Body and Easy in Speech But Never Failed to Take His Man—Taming a Cattle Rustler—Made the Cowboy Dance.

Small in body and easy in speech, but a terror to "bad men" in the days when the frontier towns of the west were overrun with toughs of the worst sort, James C. Dahlman, now a leading business man of Omaha, Neb., and secretary of the state board of transportation, has a record which he made while sheriff of Davies county which stamps him as one of the coolest men who ever drew a gun. Chadron was the county seat and when he became sheriff it was a literal hell. Dahlman began his term of office by notifying all concerned that Chadron would no longer be harbor for horse thieves and cattle rustlers, that men with notches on their guns would be permanently laid to rest in the sand dunes if they failed to emigrate toward the setting sun, and that gambling would have to be conducted on something like a genteel basis, instead of being a drunken orgy, with painted female attendants. When the notice was posted the bad men laughed and the painted women shrieked with delight at the audacity of the consummate looking tenderfoot.

A week after Dahlman issued his order a noted cattle rustler named Hindman came to Chadron, drank his fill of frontier whisky, and remarked in loud voice that he would like to see that "sawed off little ruff of a sheriff" treat him. After an remarking Hindman proceeded to shoot up the town. The toughs expected to see Dahlman leave town on important business, but he had business in Chadron. He let Hindman volunteer for an hour or two and then prepared to clip his wings. Hindman went into Jack Sweeney's dance hall, and after shooting up the place inquired as to the whereabouts of the sheriff who was going to do such great things. No sooner had he made the inquiry than he felt a ring of cold steel pressing against the back of his neck, and then a quiet, rather hissing voice said: "Hindman, if you move a muscle you are a dead man. I'm Dahlman, the sheriff, and I want you to shuck your weapon and lay them on the bar. One false move and you are as dead as the late lamented J. Casper." Repeating in the tone of the voice imparted to the drink-crusted mind of Hindman that he was up against it, he warily and disarmingly without a protest, and when Dahlman had gathered up the discarded

bouncing that he would die before being taken prisoner.

"All right," shouted Dahlman, who rode back about 300 yards and dismounted. After hobbling his horse he made a fire and prepared his supper. Twilight fell, and as darkness came on, France tried two or three shots at the sheriff, but the distance was too great. When morning came Dahlman was rubbing down his horse and France was sitting on his dead animal. The murderer took several shots at the sheriff, but Dahlman, having nothing but his revolvers, did not fire in return. During the day Dahlman quietly gathered a pile of dry prairie grass, and, when night came he removed his clothes and stuffed them full of grass. He made a head for the dummy by rolling up his saddle blanket, and upon that top he set his hat. He propped up the dummy and then crawled away. He worked around behind France, and got within thirty yards of him before dawn came. As soon as it was light France peeped up over his dead broncho and saw what he believed to be Dahlman, sitting up on the prairie a full half mile away. He stood up and fired at the supposed body several times, anxiously looking after each shot to see if he had hit the mark. Suddenly he was paralyzed to feel a touch on his arm, and hear a gentle voice say:

"France, the jig's up. If you move I'll have to bore a few holes through you."

France did move and two revolver shots rang out. The first broke France's right arm, the second one his left. Then Dahlman, chilled to the bone, left the wounded cowboy and went on to where his clothes were and dressed. Then he took his prisoner back to Chadron, seventy miles away.

One day a young minister of the gospel came to Chadron and announced that he wanted to preach. There was no church in Chadron, and no unoccupied buildings. The owner of the most orderly saloon in town finally proposed to close up his bar for one hour and let the proselyte use the saloon as a church. The idea took well, and at the appointed hour the saloon was jammed to suffocation. The young preacher delivered an excellent sermon and at the close took up a collection. Soon the bar resumed business. A bad cowboy thought it would be fun to make the preacher dance and sent a bullet into the floor close to the minister's feet as a hint to begin at once. Dahlman, who was a witness of the assault, knocked the lung's revolver from his hand and sent his six shooter against the bar with a solid right-hander. Before the cowboy could recover and draw another gun Dahlman had him covered with a revolver.

"I know the preacher does not approve of dancing," drawled Dahlman, "but perhaps he would not object to seeing a cowboy dance. Now, dance you blankets! break em!"

The cowboy obeyed and Dahlman planted a bullet so near his feet that the bullet hit the freight.

"Dance, and dance a plenty!" yelled the sheriff.

The cowboy danced. Whenever he showed signs of stopping Dahlman spurred him on with a revolver shot that almost grazed the skin. The cowboy danced until his tongue protruded from his mouth and his feet each weighed a ton. Then Dahlman made him get on his knees and beg the preacher's pardon. Dahlman served three terms, and refused another re-election. He declined on the ground that the community was becoming so moral that there was no fun in being sheriff. He may be seen on the streets of Omaha nearly every day, and a stranger would pick him out as being the last man to face a revolver with a smile and go up against a gang of men with records for murder as long as the moral law. But the man who tries to impose upon Dahlman because he is small and quiet and given to keeping in the background is bound to meet with a surprise that will turn his hair gray.

Walking in Circles.

There has been a great deal of speculation as to why it is that people who lose their way, either in forests or open prairies, will always move in a circle, and almost inevitably to the right. The following suggestions, while they do not answer this query, are interesting, as showing the attention that the subject has received: "Some physiologists, anatomists and speculative philosophers claim that the left leg in the human species is slightly longer than the right, and no taxes longer steps, thus causing a motion to the right which in time completes a circle; if the mind is as bewildered that it has no fixed objective point in view. Perhaps the real answer to this queer question lies in the fact that most persons use their right hand in preference to their left, and are accustomed to passing objects on their right-hand side, and, unconsciously, keep edging off to the right. On a prairie, however, where there is nothing in the way of obstacles worthy of mention, this cause or reason for walking in a 'right-handed' circle would hardly hold good."

Where Brigandage Still Reigns.

Sardinia, although one of the regions most loyal to the Italian sovereign, is one of the least considered. Poverty, squalor and malaria have in one way or other depopulated the island, which has an average of 28 inhabitants to every square kilometer, while in the peninsula the average is over 100, and in Sicily 112. It is the only part of Italy where it has not yet been possible to uproot brigandage.

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What Alabastine Is.

Alabastine is the original and only durable wall coating on the market. It is entirely different from all kalsomines and paint. Alabastine is made ready for use, white or variegated, beautiful tints by the addition of cold water. It's put up in dry powdered form, in packages, properly labeled, with full directions on every package. It takes the paint off walls, wood, stone, metal, paper and paint for walls. Alabastine can be used on plaster, brick, wood or canvas, and a child can brush it on.

BONNETS VS. BIRDS.

Easter Fashions Cause a Slaughter of the Little Songsters.

The approach of Easter Sunday has started a wholesale slaughter of birds throughout the country, says the Denver Republican. It is said that New York city milliners alone demand 20,000 songsters, with which to trim the hats of customers according to the dictates of Easter fashion. This amount is a mere bagatelle, when it is considered that a similar demand has gone up from every village and cross-roads in the United States.

The worst feature of this annual slaughter of birds for the Easter millinery trade is that songsters and insect-destroying birds are no exception to the general rule. All are included, and, in fact, meadow larks, bluebirds, and robins are especially desired, as they make "such pretty trimming." There is not a state in the Union that can spare these birds, yet the slaughter goes on year after year. In spite of the protests of the few and the formation of Audubon societies and Bird Defender clubs.

Many kinds of birds are almost extinct in Colorado at this day, and, if the annual Easter slaughter of the innocents is continued unchecked, fashion will soon have to seek new victims for the reason that there will be no more pretty birds to kill. Before this comes to pass, however, it is to be hoped that the women of the country will realize the enormity of the crime they are perhaps unconsciously abetting.

Were there no market demands for bright-plumaged birds, there would be no slaughter. The milliners and hunters are, in consequence, not most to blame. The fashionable women who pay large sums for the feather trimmings on their hats, hold out a perpetual inducement for the breaking of game laws and the laws of humanity. Every dollar that Vanity Fair pays for the bodies of birds is an added inducement to those who are actually engaged in the ruthless, indiscriminate and illegal slaughter of man's little friends.

Until the women of the country refuse to buy bird millinery there will be no decrease of this wholesale tragedy of the fields and woods, and until the Easter bonnet is without its feathered corpse it will never symbolize the spirit of the day on which it is worn.

Candy for Soldiers.

Fifty tons of candy have been sent to the soldiers in the Philippine Islands by the commissary department of the army during the last three months and amounts to be sent to the soldiers in Cuba and Porto Rico. This is done in accordance with the advice of the medical as well as the officers of the army, because it is a physiological fact that in the practice of medicine, the best treatment for the promotion of health and welfare is a measured and not unhealthy craving of the stomach. Candy was never intended to be a remedy, but as a ration for the British and French troops in the tropics.

The larger part of the shipment are chocolate candies and jellies and other appropriate articles which are packed in one-pound cans or small boxes fit for the pocket of a soldier's uniform. The candy is manufactured in New York especially for the military department, and is little more than sugar, fruit, flour or lime juice. The mixture of sweets and acids in that form is not only more agreeable to the palate but healthier to the stomach.

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How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any name of Custer's that cannot be earned by Dr. Dahlman.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, here known as F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him to be a man of integrity, reputation and financial ability to carry on any obligations made by him.

West & Tracy, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; Wadding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. We, the undersigned, here known as West & Tracy, and H. A. Marvin, proprietors of H. A. Marvin's Pharmacy, Toledo, Ohio, do hereby bind ourselves to pay to Dr. Dahlman \$100.00 per month, for his services as physician to our son, Dr. Dahlman's Family Pills are the best.

A More Special Grace.

Dorothy—"Pa, I do wish we were rich." Dorothy's Pa—"How rich would you like to be?" Dorothy—"Oh, awfully rich; rich enough to stink people and will be called agreeable."

Learn a Profession.

My full mail course, five courses in one, prepares you to teach or practice Hypnotism, Physical Culture, Magnetic Breathing, and Healing, and Curing by Electrical stimulation, etc. Address for E. T. STEPHENSON, 1015 Arapahoe St., Denver, Colo.

She— You have boasted that you would ride for me and now you won't teach me how to ride my wheel. **He—** That's all right; I would mind driving outright, but I don't want to go round the rest of my life all crippled up.

The Quickest Night Train Out of Denver

For Chicago and all points East leave Denver at 10:30 p.m. via Rock Island. A solid vestibule. Plush carpeted, steam-heated "Palace on Wheels." See your local agent or address Geo. Ady, general agent, Denver.

He— Oh, Nan, you forgot to take the price tag off your new erintie waist? **She—** No, I didn't forget it; Jack bought this waist in Paris, and it cost \$14.

Walking in Circles.

There has been a great deal of speculation as to why it is that people who lose their way, either in forests or open prairies, will always move in a circle, and almost inevitably to the right. The following suggestions, while they do not answer this query, are interesting, as showing the attention that the subject has received: "Some physiologists, anatomists and speculative philosophers claim that the left leg in the human species is slightly longer than the right, and no taxes longer steps, thus causing a motion to the right which in time completes a circle; if the mind is as bewildered that it has no fixed objective point in view. Perhaps the real answer to this queer question lies in the fact that most persons use their right hand in preference to their left, and are accustomed to passing objects on their right-hand side, and, unconsciously, keep edging off to the right. On a prairie, however, where there is nothing in the way of obstacles worthy of mention, this cause or reason for walking in a 'right-handed' circle would hardly hold good."

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